

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

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The Bloomfield Record.

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WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Fremont Street, Rev. D. Kennedy, D. D., Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 7:15 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M. Morning Service.

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BLOOMFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, On the Park. Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 7:15 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M. Morning Service.

METH. EPIS. CHURCH, Broad Street, Rev. H. Spill, Pastor. Services Sunday 10:45 A. M. and 7:15 P. M. Sunday School 10:45 P. M.

GERMAN PRES. CHURCH, Rev. J. Enselin, Pastor. Services 10:45 A. M. and 7:15 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Franklin St. Rev. Dr. Stubbart, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 7:15 P. M.

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TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays in each month, over Madison's Market.

COLLECTOR OF TAXES. Ira Campbell, Residence, Washington Street. Office over Madison's Market.

JUSTICE'S COURT.—Over Madison's Market. Wm. R. Ball, Justice.

OVERSEER OF POOR. J. M. Walker, Residence, Morris Place.

Paragraphics.

This is a world of care, but it is the best we have.

New years calls—calls on the pocket-book for presents.

How to take life easy—Be careless with the kerensine.

What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

An Indiana woman told a justice her residence was wherever her hat was off.

They claim to have a man in Michigan so tall, that in order to look up he has to look down.

When a man is weak and weary at night no friend will stand by him longer than a lamp-post.

Monkeys never grow older in expression. A young monkey looks exactly like his grandpa melted up and born over again.

The cheapest umbrellas are borrowed ones, and they make the borrower feel cheap when attention is called to them.

Third term or no, the country is a unit on the question of Tweed's second term, upon which he is about entering.

"A royal Jim Fisk" is the latest pet name for the future King of England. It is hard to say to whom justice is done—the living or the dead Prince.

"I am busy ploughing, and cannot entertain company," was the substance of a note sent by an Illinois belle in reply to an intimation that a gentleman desired to visit her.

A peddler was recently selling mirrors with which people can see behind them. Ladies are not obliged to turn around to see the pattern of another's dress. A happy contrivance.

Reading the great Spurgeon's declaration that "a cigar is a thing to thank God for," a school boy in Rome bought a cigar. He was afterwards seen hanging over a fence, but he was not giving thanks.

Toledo papers announce that there is plenty of work in that city, but carefully conceal the fact that said work is sitting on a bench in front of a coal stove and wishing it were spring.

Devout mother to young lady, who is burning up letters: "What are you doing there, my dear? Are you burning incense?" Young lady: "Oh no, ma; I'm only burning nonsense."

The English punsters have used up their own language and have to mix it freely with French. A late joke is, "Why is it never high tide at Havre? Because there the water is always 'L'eau'."

"Now then," said a physician, cheerily, to a patient, "you have got along far enough to indulge in a little animal food, and—"

"No you don't, doctor," interrupted the patient; "I've suffered enough on gruel and slops, and I'd starve sooner than begin on hay and oats."

An old tax warrant, just discovered, sets forth that Joseph Bonaparte was taxed in 1821 \$150 for 1,600 acres of land, by Nathan Sutterdwaite, then assessor of Bordentown, N. J. The ex-assessor is still living, and says he "stuck it on a little, as Bony was rich and could stand it."

BERENICE.

"Suppose we give it up, Berry, and stay at home," suggested the young husband, laying aside the dainty invitation cards as he spoke. "You wouldn't care a great deal, would you?"

Berenice put up her cherry lips in a childish pout. "Of course I care, Bruce," she said reproachfully; "everybody else is going; why cannot we go? Why, the ball at Belvidere Place is all the talk. Carrie Dubant's going, and she's got the loveliest dress that human eyes ever beheld. And such lace—real point—and a brand-new turquois set, and her husband's not half as well off as you are."

"Well, well, don't fret, Berry," said her husband, with a sigh; "if you've set your heart on it you shall go. But I thought," he added, hesitatingly, "I mean—well, the plain truth is, Berry, that I'm a little cramped for cash now. That heavy note comes due on Friday, and my affairs are not quite so steady as I like. And this ball—"

"Oh, nonsense," interposed the young wife, giving her golden ringlets a toss; "you men always talk that way. Papa always did. I remember, when mamma went to him for money. But you can't impose on me, Bruce; I'm to well posted. You've money enough; there's no mistake about that. And I shan't need a fortune, so the matter's settled; we shall go to the ball at Belvidere."

"Very well; you shall have it your own way," he replied; and, rising up from his bright little breakfast table, Bruce Dunbar kissed his wife, and went down town to his place of business.

They had not been married quite a year, and the young husband could not find it in his heart to deny his pretty child-wife a single gratification; but he looked moodily enough as he walked down the cheerful, sunlit street. He told the truth when he said he was cramped for cash; there was not a spare dollar in his till.

A few years back this same handsome Bruce Dunbar had been what is termed in fashionable parlance "fast." He drove a blooded horse, indulged in cards and champagne suppers, and sowed his wild-oats pretty plentifully. But in the midst of all this he fell in love with pretty Berenice Holbrook, and the whole manner of his life was changed.

Since the hour of his marriage he had given up all his bachelor indulgences, and walked unswervingly in the narrow path of rectitude and virtue. He was doing his best to redeem the past and to retrieve his fallen fortunes. And here came the invitation to the Belvidere ball in the most inopportune time.

He reached his office with a heavy heart, and set about his work, counting over the long list of unpaid bills. "If Berry would only give up the ball," he thought every time he raised his eyes from the dreary ledger.

But pretty Berenice, with her peach-bloom cheeks and red-gold tresses, had no such thought as that. Just before the hour of closing she came fitting into her young husband's office, such a radiant creature, in her silks and jewels, that he forgot his cares, and looked up with a smiling welcome.

"I've been out shopping, love," she said, touching her ripe lips to his brow; "getting our things for the Belvidere. I've got you an exquisite vest and tie, etc., and I wish, I do wish, you could see my dress! I bought it already made—a Paris affair, you know, silk tissue and rose-buds, and knots of Paris-green. Oh, it is too lovely! Carrie Dubant's won't compare with it at all. And Madame R— said that I must—positive—must—have an emerald set to match it; a light emerald, you know, to suit my complexion. And, darling, touching her lips to his brow again, "I was sure you wouldn't mind, and I got these"—unclasping a casket and flashing a blaze of sea-green splendor before the young husband's eyes—"at a real bargain too. Ain't they exquisite? And the whole bill, for dress and everything, is only five hundred dollars! Now, haven't I been an economical little wife?"

Bruce Dunbar almost reeled where he stood. Five hundred dollars, and he with scarcely five hundred pennies at his command! But he muttered no word of reproach. He kissed the pretty face looking up to him, and then called a cab and drove home, with his happy wife chattering beside him.

They went to the ball at Belvidere place, and Berenice Dunbar took the palm for beauty, in her shimmering robes, with her fresh cheeks and red-gold curls and childish manners. Her husband followed her lead, forgetful of everything but the joy of the moment.

The "Beautiful Blue Danube" had ended, and they were in the refreshment-room.

"Come, Bruce, let's have a glass to your beautiful wife's health and happiness," said an old friend, meeting him for the first time since his marriage.

The young man shook his head, and was on the point of uttering a polite refusal, but his wife pinched his arm. "O, Bruce, don't," she whispered; "it's so old-fashioned and saintlike. Why don't you drink like other men?"

Bruce Dunbar's cheeks flushed. It had cost him a great struggle to give up his social glass, but he conquered for his wife's sake. And this was his reward! He seized the glass and drained it at a draught. The glowing liquor ran like fire through his veins, affording all his old thirst, all his old craving for strong drink. Before the great ball at Belvidere was over his cheeks glowed and his eyes flashed, and his step was a trifle unsteady; but pretty Berenice did not mind—all the gentlemen in her set drank champagne.

Two weeks after the ball Berenice waited impatiently for her husband's return. Dinner was spoiling, the salmon steaks would be utterly ruined in ten minutes more, and the young wife was dreadfully impatient. She had a new dress and tickets for Nilsson. Why did not Bruce come? But the dinner hour passed, and the twilight with a dismal rain, but still he did not come.

Berenice went up to her chamber and sat down in her little rocking chair before the fire, and there she sat for hours, bewailing her fate. On the bed lay her lovely new dress. It was cruel in Bruce to treat her so. She cried till her eyes were red and swollen, and at last, in order to beguile the dreadful hours, she picked up the evening paper.

There it was, in great, glaring capitals—the failure of the firm of Dunbar & Chase. Her husband was bankrupt. A sharp cry escaped her lips as the terrible truth flashed upon her. And where was he! Why didn't he come home?

Midnight came—a black and stormy midnight—and still the young wife sat there watching and waiting.

At last there came an unsteady step on the porch below. She hurried to the window and threw it up.

"Bruce, is that you?"

A thick, muffled voice answered her. "Yes, it's what's left of me. Berry, let me in; the police are after me."

Berenice flew down and opened the door. An officer mounted the steps as she did so, and laid his hand heavily on Bruce Dunbar's shoulder.

"Mr. Dunbar, you are a prisoner."

"He's my husband!" shrieked Berenice. "What are you arresting him for?"

"For murder."

She looked down at Bruce, standing in daggled silence, and by the light of the hall lamp saw that his hands were red with blood and with one awful cry she fell white and senseless on her own threshold.

She awoke to consciousness in her old home, and from her mother's lips she heard the terrible story. Her husband had failed, and in order to drown his trouble had drunk deeply. In a gambling house, where he was trying to retrieve his losses, he had got into a brawl, and had given his adversary a mortal wound upon the temple.

"And it is all my fault, not his," wailed the poor young wife; "all mine. I lured him to his ruin."

The morning before the trial a little slip of paper was found beneath the window of the chamber in which Berenice lay ill unto death. It ran thus:

"Good-bye, Berry. I won't stay here and disgrace you. I've managed to escape from prison, and I'm happy."

Five years afterward a pale, sweet-faced woman sat in the cottage that had once been Bruce Dunbar's home, with a little child playing at her feet—a very different woman from the frivolous Berenice of days gone by, yet we know by her pearl-fair cheeks and golden hair. Sorrow and suffering had done their work, and at last poor Berry saw clearly. Her remorse had been deep and bitter.

And now, day by day, with the little boy who bore his father's face and his father's name, she hoped and waited. Her husband's crime was not murder; the wounded man did not die; and the way was clear for Bruce Dunbar to return; yet he did not come. He was dead, his friends thought; but Berry hoped, with the faith of a deathless love.

One summer day she sat at the cottage window with her child at her feet. A royal summer day, the skies blue and cloudless, the gentle air sweet with the breath of the roses and purple lilacs.

She had worked hard and faithfully in these dreary five years, poor, remorseful little Berry! Jewels and lace, even her father's dowry, had gone to pay off her husband's debts and clear his name. Her work was done now. She owned the cottage, and in the shadow of the purple lilac bloom she sat, her sweet sad face full of an unutterable despair. Would he never come back? Would Heaven never forgive her?

The latch of the wicket gave a sharp click, and the old house-dog started forward with a peculiar cry. Berenice looked up. A tall, gaunt figure in thread-bare garments, was coming up the walk. The haggard, unshorn hair and blood-red eyes bore no resemblance to handsome Bruce Dunbar, but the wife's unerring instinct could not be deceived. She darted through the window with a low, passionate cry.

"O, Bruce, my husband—at last, at last!"

She put out her arms to clasp him, but he held her back.

"Don't; I am not worthy," he said, hoarsely; "I'm a lost, degraded wretch. But, Berry," his poor, haggard face full of inex-

pressible tenderness, "I couldn't die till I had seen you once more. Let me look at you, and I'll leave you forever."

But her young arms caught him in a close embrace, her fond lips covered his white face with kisses.

"No, you won't," she cried; you shall never leave me again. Your name is clear, your debts are paid, and there is a new life for us to lead, my husband. Oh, I have waited so long! It was all my fault, Bruce; the ball at Belvidere did it. Can you ever forgive me?"

He held her in his arms and sobbed upon her shoulders, like a woman, in his weakness. She turned to the open window and beckoned to the child.

"And there's something else, Bruce," she said, "for you to live for now. Look here!"

He raised his head and saw the little fellow at his feet looking up in grave, childish wonder.

And Bruce Dunbar, with his wife and child in his arms, looked up toward the far-off summer sky, asking Heaven to give him strength to begin the new life he intended to live.

And the strength must have been vouchsafed to him; for in five years more he was one of the first men in his native town; and if ever any feminine weakness or temptation assailed Berenice, she had but to call to mind the sad results of the Ball at Belvidere.

JENNIE JUNE.—A lady one often meets in New York literary society is Mrs. Jennie Cunningham Croly, known to the reading public as "Jennie June." For years she has written pleasant letters for the country press, has been one of the editors of Demorest's Monthly, a prominent member of Scribner's, and a writer of special articles for papers with which her husband has been connected, such as the World and Daily Graphic.

Mrs. Croly lives in a handsome brown stone front house, in a quiet and desirable part of the city. Her home is a pattern of good taste and comfort, and she is the mother of several fine children. Besides attending to her domestic duties, she has been very industrious with her pen, and has contributed her share towards the common welfare of the family. Mrs. Croly is a kindly, pleasant woman, quiet in her manner, but full of life and energy. She cannot be much over thirty years of age, is a blonde, and dresses in extreme simplicity. She is quite radiant in her views, but none the less entertaining and truthful. Reception at Mrs. Croly's are always pleasant, and one is sure of meeting in her parlors men and women of advanced thought.—(For Boston Transcript.)

CIDER VINEGAR.—Expose a large surface of the cider to the action of the atmosphere, it will turn rapidly to vinegar; for instance, if the cider be put into buckets or tubs in the sun, and a mosquito netting is laid over the top of it so that the flies will not touch it, and shield it also from rain by boards, in three or four weeks you will have strong cider vinegar. The larger the surface exposed to the air the sooner the fermentation will take place and vinegar be formed. Place a bucket of cider behind a cooking stove constantly in use and you will soon have vinegar. Warmth and air are all that are needed.

EXTENSION OF UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS IN LONDON.—At the enormous cost of \$12,500,000 the Metropolitan Inner Circle Railroad Company is busily engaged in carrying out its plans. In addition to the construction of lines, stations, etc., this company is compelled to make an entirely new street, from Fenchurch street to King William street, and also to widen the street right and left which branch therefrom. The importance attached to this enterprise may be gathered from the fact that the Metropolitan Board of Works and the corporation of the City of London have subscribed the sum of \$2,500,000.

BEEF FROM COLORADO.—Dressed beef is now shipped in refrigerator cars from Denver, Colorado, to the New York market. Two cars recently arrived, which contained the carcasses of 34 steers, 50 calves, 199 sheep and 20 antelopes. It being well established that meat can be thus shipped either from Texas or Colorado to eastern markets, it is to be hoped that the transportation of live cattle, with all its cost to the owners or consumers of the meat, and all its misery to the poor beasts, may in time be made unnecessary.

A gentleman (whose name we will omit from the consideration for his relatives) sent the Tribune yesterday the manuscript of an address he is to deliver next week, in order to facilitate the work of the reporter. The speech contains forty-two pages. On reaching page 27, the reporter detailed to copy it found the following passage: "But I must close. ('No.' 'No.' 'Go on,' etc.) then if you will bear with me a few moments longer, I shall proceed to invite your attention to," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies in the world for a cold. It acts promptly and effectively, and has no unpleasant after-effects. One lemon, properly squeezed, cut in slices, put with sugar, and covered with half a pint of boiling water.

Advertisements.

MARTIN BROTHERS,
Wish to give notice to the residents of Bloomfield and vicinity, that they have recently added to their stock of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS.

FLOUR, FEED & GRAIN,

AN ASSORTMENT OF

FINE TOILET SOAPS,

which all consumers are recommended to try.

MARTIN BROS.,

Corner Bloomfield Ave. and Broad St.

Goods delivered free of charge.

EDWARD WILDE at the

OLD FAMILY STORE

BLOOMFIELD CENTER

Offers for sale a large and choice assortment of

Groceries, Provisions, Dry Goods, Crock-

ery and Stone Ware, Oil Cloths,

Shades and Fixtures,

Which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET.

J. W. LEES,

COR. BLOOMFIELD CENTRE AND GLENWOOD AVE.

Constantly on hand a good supply of

BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON,

LAMB & PORK.

Poultry, Vegetables, and Fruits in season. Quality unsurpassed. Orders promptly attended to and goods delivered when desired.

J. W. LEES.

BLOOMFIELD FISH MARKET.

JAMES N. WANAMAKER,

DEALER IN

FRESH FISH, OYSTERS,

BEEF, PORK, LAMB, VEGETABLES, &c.

Glenwood Avenue, Opp. Hayes & Taylor's Store.

BLOOMFIELD MARKET.

WILLIAM J. MADISON,

DEALER IN

BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB, PORK,

POULTRY, SMOKED AND CORNED MEATS, FRESH FRUITS and Vegetables in their Season.

BLOOMFIELD CENTRE.

Jan. 32 BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

COLUMBIA MARKET.

JOSEPH BOLSHAW,

DEALER IN

BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB, PORK and POULTRY

Smoked and Corned Meats, also Fruits and Vegetables in their Season.

Bloomfield Avenue, Opposite Archdeacon's Hotel.

N. H. DODD,

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

Built to Order.

ALSO

CARRIAGE PAINTING,

Trimming and General Blacksmithing.

Repairing of all kinds attended to with neatness and dispatch.

BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

OUR NEW BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,

A PRIME ARTICLE.

Manufactured from choice Pennsylvania Buckwheat by

J. W. POTTER,

BLOOMFIELD MILLS.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

WILLIAM COLFAX,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Grain, Feed, &c.

A FINE ASSORTMENT of all goods in my line which will be sold low and promptly delivered in any part of the town.

COR. BROAD ST. AND BELLEVILLE AVE., Bloomfield, N. J.

JAMES H. WAY,

DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, CANNED AND DRIED FRUITS,

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

Goods delivered throughout Bloomfield and vicinity.

J. H. COLFAX,

Having removed to

COR. ORANGE STREET AND BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

Has a fine assortment of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TEAS,

COFFEES, SPICES, &c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

JAMES BERRY,

WASHINGTON AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Furniture and Piano MOVED WITH CARE. Also General TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Professional and Business Cards.